



LOVE ON THE PRAIRIE

What was my life brought me? I had hoped that I would be a great success, but I had not counted on the love of a woman who had been my friend and confidante for so long. I had not counted on the love of a woman who had been my friend and confidante for so long.

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As we saw no draught animals near it, which could not have escaped to be the peculiarly clear atmosphere, we supposed that, as was frequently the case, the cart had been abandoned by its owners as a useless burden. It must, at any rate, have been standing there since the middle of the previous day, and had probably escaped our notice because it was in a bottom, while we, on our ride to the emigrants' camp, had purposely avoided the heights. We soon changed our minds, however, for, after a more careful investigation, we discovered that the form moving about near the cart were not wolves, but human beings, who by their conduct and movements displayed no slight degree of restlessness. Partly through curiosity, partly because we had nothing better to do, and partly to give the travellers the pleasure of fresh meat, we three white hunters resolved to ride across. Without any lengthened hesitation, we, therefore, fastened as much meat on our saddles as we could conveniently carry, and when we mounted, two Oglalas joined us, with no other intention, however, than giving their impetuous mustangs a little exercise, though possibly they hoped to get a little furs from the white folks.

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Our party thus consisted of five members: two young white hunters, who were in the happy years between twenty and thirty; a thorough veteran trapper, who had probably traversed the desert for as many years as we numbered; then came an equally old Oglala warrior, who in his external appearance reminded me not a little of the romantic heroes of Cooper, and, lastly, a young, splendidly built lad of the same tribe, who had not yet gained his spurs, and liked to conceal the fact that neither his costume nor his weapons were as yet ornamented with the black soap locks of a slain foe.

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We rode fast, though more out of habit than anything else, and the last few drops had not been drunk up by the rising sun when we were seeking a spot in the river, where we could cross without peril from drift sand and current. When we reached the other bank, we were only a short distance from our destination. We covered it in silence, for each was more or less engaged in thought about the group at the wagon, which looked so different from what we had expected, and to which the remark of our old comrade, "The devil must have been at work here," was quite adapted.

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and it was not till we came close up to him and old Sanglier (such was the prairie name of our grimy comrade) saluted him in his rough way, that he raised his eyes to us. Although we white hunters had not much more to arouse confidence in our worn leathern shirts, than the Indians in their savage, fantastic ornaments, still our appearance did not seem at all to surprise the emigrant; on the contrary, he merely returned our greeting by a slight nod, after which he looked down on the ground again, a perfect image of despair.

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The mother, who was sitting in the wagon with her youngest daughter, and the sons, who were in the background, looked at the father, and his sorrow and hopelessness had such a depressing effect upon them, that not one of them thought of entering into conversation with us. Probably they also felt an invincible repugnance to repeat in each others' presence the whole extent of the misfortune which had befallen them, and thus open their wounds afresh.

yes on the following question, namely: "As I wedded Mr. Smith for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at thirty is marry-

and we have been the recipients of many
kind and useful suggestions, and
have been able to make some
improvements, and those who have
tried them will find them
very useful. This book of
prayers is one of the best
of the kind ever published
in America. It is
very cheap, and
will be found
very useful in
every family.
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every family.

given, or to be given, the jewels that Lord Warrenton was reported to have ordered from Han-

Kimmelman as a gift to the bride, like the wondrous of the treasuries; and so happy were those who had been a poor supper show of the long tables, laid out wedding-breakfast with tasteful magnificence and glowing with flowers mingled with silver, and Bohemian crystal, as if December June. Two of the four fair girls who, maidens, were regarded as the most interesting personages of the day, viz., the bride, to whom they were to act brides, were in the pink drawing-room, and smiling they looked in their bright gowns and with their radiant young faces very prettily. The other two were up stairs; the bride's toilet, not the least momentous of that morning's preparations, was in progress. Busy women were going down, as eager and anxious about the trifles around them, as if Aristotle's whole philosophy depended on the needle and thread, or of pins, the tapes, and narrow scarves for which they came and went; and, indeed, but constant murmur of voices and of doors up stairs, buzzed through the house.

Bride was rather late in making her appearance, but that is a matter-of-course circumstance every wedding, and people only smiled at the clock struck, and the array of carriages lined up the gravel before the Hall; and still more, as of a hive of bees, recondomed from Miss Darcy did not come. The room, however, was full game for such as circulates on these occasions; and Lynn was severely rallied behind his back for tardiness in arriving. Old anecdotes were of absent-minded Benefactors who had not fishing, or overslept themselves, or on a journey, all oblivious of the great day of the day. There was much laughter, if some were poor ones, and all went on pleasantly. George Darcy's face was the only one there, except those of the Mainwaring who found it more difficult to be merry than they had thought would be the case. As Mr. Darcy, he was going to lose sight of it was a relief to him, and he set striving to be in hilarious spirits, and to drown upon himself the compassion of the sharp-sighted of the guests.

Crypt on. Lord Lynn did not come. Peoan to fidget, and to compare infatigably with the French clocks on the chimney-piece and to look inquisitively out of such window-commanded a view of the road through the street.

Craft began to think it was very late indeed that her liege lord would have rather time off, kicking his heels in the moonlight, in company with the clerk and the parson. But then came down the bridegroom carrying their little heads proudly, and as they passed through the crowd, under questions.

dear Miss Darcy would be down in a minute. She was dressed at last. She looked lovely. They had never seen her look so beautiful, or so like a queen before—never."

A few minutes passed, but Lord Lynn did not appear. It was after time. The carriages moved on at a smart pace to accomplish the distant Holton Church, so as to get the marriage ceremony over within canonical hours. After the marriage, there was the breakfast; there was no slight prospect that the newly-married pair might lose the train that was to come from the nearest station southwards to honeymoon town's first stage.

Time and tide wait for no man, and trains are the same," jocularly observed Sir John to the county member. "In our day, I am sure, you were a little more ardent, eh, Sir John?"

"Well, who was the only doctor there, as we see the only doctor when the festivities were brought to a close? He was so rudely interrupted by his hands and nodded his bald head assent. Lord Lynn was certainly very handsome. The bridemaids had spoken the truth. He looked a glorious creature indeed on that morning that was to be the prelude to a brilliant career of worldly prosperity. His beauty was enhanced and softened marvelously by robes of virginal white, rich with lace, by the long bridal veil, the gleaming moonlight lustre of the pearls on neck, and the wreath of pure orange blossoms that sat so gracefully on her majestic broad lionine brow. Can you fancy a

**giving you what you want, but you don't want
what you can't have.**

The Blessing of Domestic Service

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

I doubt whether any of us either appreciate or value the domestic service which we have in our homes. It is a service which is so essential to our comfort and convenience, and yet we so often take it for granted. We are so used to it that we do not realize how much we owe to the domestic servant. We are so used to it that we do not realize how much we owe to the domestic servant.

It is a common complaint that servants are not what they used to be. Every one's memory goes back to some peaceful and well-ordered home, in which cleanliness and propriety and comfort seemed to reign almost of themselves, and in which the machinery of the household moved as by clockwork under the guidance of a presiding will which never failed to order, severely to express itself. We are not so sure of this now. We see only the result. We need not the careful personal training, the calm yet observant presence of a guiding eye, the patient work of instruction, the gentle hint of reproach, by which some pious mistress had for years regulated the household, and wrought her servants into an efficiency which comes not by wishing and comes not by chance. Servants were then—were servants now, to speak generally?—what a mistress and a mistress made them. Or if there be now, as we cannot doubt there is, an increase, in all ranks of society, of vain pretension; if each order will tread upon the heels of one above it, spicing the manners and the dress and the language which it sees or imagines in that class which is just near enough to be envied; still, we ourselves are much to blame for this: we are doing the same; it is our ambition to step into the place above us, just as much as it can be our servant's ambition to usurp ours; and is a short-sighted as well as incharitable severity which throws upon them the blame of all the reproach of that order which is the combined result of the pushing and thrusting of a whole restless throng.

Of this we are well assured, that a good master and mistress will seldom be afflicted through life with bad servants. The rule is generally that the ruler makes them. In many families an amount of work is thrown upon one servant, which is quite out of all proportion to time and strength. A young girl is hired into a large family, of which the chief burden is at once thrown upon her alone. Nursing and cleaning, cooking and waiting, perpetual calls and countless errands, all are accumulated upon the one person who, so far as age and strength, knowledge and experience are concerned, is the least able to bear them. The condition of many a slave on an American plantation is far, far preferable, outwardly at least, to hers. But just because it is not nominally slavery, just because there is a form of hiring and a pretence of remuneration, Christian consciences are clear in the matter, and the transaction passes for a religious as well as a legal one. My friends, these things ought not to be. It is true, this young girl has hired herself to your service. But you will know that in that hiring she was scarcely a free agent. She belonged to a family which could not support her. If you cared to know all, you might find that she had a drunken father, or a heartless step-mother, who had grudged her for years just her poor modicum of education, and who have now turned her out of the family nest to pick up a pittance for herself where she can by service. She has not the knowledge, she has not had the training, for anything better than a place like yours. She must take what she can find, and she has lighted upon you. Now I venture to say that that servant-girl has a right to your consideration in the assignment of her duties. You must lay no burden upon her which you do not feel and know that she is equal to. Whatever you could allow a daughter of your own to bear or to do at her age and in her condition, that and that only, must you lay upon her. And if you say that, because you pay a servant, you have a right to be eased altogether of every inconvenient duty, I reply that there is a fallacy in such reasoning, for which the God of reason and of conscience must call you to a reckoning. Let your children work as well as she. Or else deny yourself something—something of dress, or something of luxury, or something of amusement—and keep two servants where you now keep one. These are plain words; too plain, it may be; but it is in such plainness that Christian morality must express itself, or it will miss altogether the mark of its high and responsible calling.

Again—it has somehow come to be supposed that a servant must be perfect in order to keep a place. Children are full of faults, and up to any age. Children's faults are smiled at, played with, thought endearing, spoken of sometimes as signs of spirit, indications of character, &c. To the end you spare your son's frailties, even when they have run on into vices. But it is otherwise with your servants. They must be perfect; perfect in self-control, perfect in steadiness, perfect in temper, perfect in respectfulness. If they forget themselves but in one instance, they are not servants for you. In the brief transit from a comfortable home to a comfortless place, they must have undergone all faults and acquired all virtues. The first passionate answer of an overwrought, over-driven slave; the first forgetfulness of entire respect on the part of one who has been at last goaded into petulance by repeated fault-finding and unvaried harshness; is a reason for threatening dismissal, and (if it occurs once again) for executing it. Now, I dare to say that this is a rule the application of which to ourselves none could bear. A Christian family ought to be, to a young servant, a place of discipline as well as a place of trial. Faults ought to be carefully observed, firmly repressed, and kindly struggled with. A naturally quick temper ought not to be irritated by scolding. A naturally vain disposition ought not to be pampered by praise. A natural forgetfulness ought to be schooled by patient reproof into thoughtfulness, and a natural selfishness drawn out by considerate guidance into a Christian confidence. There are the offices of a Christian master towards those whom God's providence has placed for a time under her charge and oversight. She is to deal wisely with the frailties of her servants, as of her children. God give grace to men and more among us to recognize and to fulfill this great, this oft-neglected stewardship!



COUNTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

CHARLES FIVE CHARLES.—"Once more, let me whisper in thine ear (he meant ear-trumpet) the words of love—and oh! believe—that you shall settle your money on yourself, with contingent reminder to your own charity."

WIT AND HUMOR.

A WORSTED TRADESMAN.—A man some six feet three inches in height and of herculean build, went into a hosiery shop in Worcester, the other day, and asked if they had got any "whirlers," that is, stockings without feet. "No," said the shopkeeper, "but we have got some famous big and strong stockings, as will just suit such a person as you." Let's have a look at them," said the man. The counter was immediately covered with a quantity. The working Hercules selected the largest pair, and said, "What's the price of these?" "Four shillings and sixpence," was the rejoinder. "Can you cut the feet off them?" was the next query. "Oh, certainly," said the shopkeeper. "Then cut them off," was the laconic direction. No sooner said than done. The long shop shears were applied, and instantly the stockings were footless. "And what's the price of 'em now?" asked the customer, with all the composure imaginable. "Price of 'em now?" echoed the "worsted" merchant, surprised beyond measure at the absurdity of the question; "why, four shillings and sixpence, to be sure." "Four shillings and sixpence!" exclaimed the purchaser; "I never gave but one shilling and sixpence for a pair of 'whirlers' in my life, and he laid down the amount upon the counter. "Well," replied the tradesman, chaffed and fairly outwitted, and throwing the snufflings at him, "take them and be off with you! You've 'whirled' me this time, but I'll take good care that neither you nor any of your roughish gang shall do it again as long as I live."

A SNEERING HEAD.—The manager of the Berlin theatre got up a drama in which a human head was to be offered to a tyrant. In order to produce as much effect as possible he resolved to use a human head. On the stage was placed a table covered with a cloth, on the table was a basin, and an actor, concealed under the cloth, poked up his head through a hole in the table, so as to seem to be placed in the basin. The effect was prodigious; the audience applauded and trembled. Unluckily a wag, who had been strolling about the stage, had sprinkled a spoonful of sneezing powder on the basin, and just as the tyrant finished his address to the severed head of his enemy, the head replied by a hearty fit of sneezing, changing the audience "from grave to gay" with remarkable expedition.

BRICKBATT.—When your host's servant announces dinner, jump up from your chair, cry out, in a hearty manner, "Off we go, and rush down-stairs. On entering the dining-room, lift up the different covers and choose your dish. When making a call, see that your boots are quite clean before going into the house. If they are not, take them off and request the servant to polish them, before ascending to the drawing-room. Always carry your hat into any room, and whirl it round and round on the handle of your stick or umbrella; this gives an air of unconcerned good breeding while carrying on a conversation, and finds an occupation for your hands.—/unch.

JOHN WESLEY, the founder of Methodism, when one day riding through the country, was saluted by a drunken fellow who was lying in the ditch. "Hullo, Father Wesley! I'm glad to see you. How do you do?" "I don't know you," said Mr. Wesley, reining up his horse. "Who are you?" "Don't know me! Why, sir, you are the very man who converted me."

"I reckon I am," said Mr. Wesley, putting spurs to his horse; "at least one thing is evident—the Lord had nothing to do with it."

"I say, Bill, what do those chaps mean by an accordion?" "Don't you know?—why, it's an accordion bellows."

NEW FRENCH METHOD OF RENDERING A HORSE QUIET WHILE BEING SHOD.—The head of the animal being covered, so that he cannot perceive what is going on around him, and an assistant having a hold of the bridle, another person stands in front, and orders the horse to lift his left hind foot. In reply, the horse most probably begins to kick violently. A snuff-box is then administered by the person who has spoken, on his cheeks with each hand—the hands, instead of being removed after the blow, being strongly pressed on the cheeks. A new effect is given to lift the foot, and to quiet the animal. At the third repetition, the animal trembles all over; and, submission being at once made, he is shod as easily as the quietest horse.

Consumption.

Consumptive people die for want of strength, want of flesh, want of nutriment; not for want of lung substance, as is almost universally supposed. They die, in almost every instance, long before the lungs are consumed, so far as to be incapable of sustaining life. Numerous cases are given where men have lived for years with an amount of available lung not equal to one-fourth of the whole. They were there, perhaps, but not available, not efficient. The majority of persons who die of consumption, perish before a third of the lungs have consumed away, in consequence of loose bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, night sweats, want of sleep, clogging up of the lungs with matter and mucus by the daily use of cough drops, balsams, tonics, or other destructive agents. These symptoms need but be controlled to protect life indefinitely; that is to say, if the symptoms were prescribed for according to general principles, and properly nursed, letting the consumptive portion of the disease alone, it would sometimes cure itself, or at least allow the patient to live in reasonable comfort for a number of years.

The reader may almost imagine that he has a clue to the cure of consumption. If he could but give the patient phosphorus and lime, or phosphate of lime—that is, burst bones—eight or ten grains, with the first mouthful of each meal, so as to let it be mixed with the food and carried with it into the blood; from twenty to thirty grains being daily needed in health. The scientific world were charmed less than a hundred years ago by the discovery of oxygen. It was supposed that as oxygen was a constituent of the air which imparted vitality to the blood, gave it its purity, its activity, and filled the man with life and animation, nothing was needed but to take enough oxygen to purify the blood, and thus strike at the root of all disease. Accordingly, the oxygen was prepared and administered. The recipient retired, was transported, was feet as the antelope, could run with the wind. He smiled, he fairly yelled for joy, and—died, laughing, or from over excitement. The machine worked too fast; it could not be stopped, and pure oxygen has never been taken for health since.

Thus it will, perhaps, always be with artificial remedies; they cannot equal those which are prepared in Nature's manufactory. The phosphate of lime, in order to answer the purposes of nature, must be eliminated from the healthful digestion of substantial food in the stomach, and the only natural and efficient means of obtaining the requisite amount is, to regulate the great glands of the system in such a manner as to cause the perfect digestion of a sufficient amount of suitable food. This is within the power of the scientific practitioner, in the great majority of cases of Consumption, when attempted in its early stages; but for confirmed Consumption—that is, when the lungs have begun to decay away, it is criminal to hold out any promises of cure, or even of essential relief, in any given instance.—Holt's Journal of Health.

Some twenty or thirty years ago old Phleg, up in Chester county, was telling his friend Jones concerning a fight. Phleg had very little education, but Jones was a man of right smart reading. So Phleg went on telling that they "fought it out." "And," said Jones, with a knowing look, "did they keep on fighting?" Old Phleg drew himself up, looking sour as buttermilk into Jones's face, he said: "Yankee mightier precise about language—font, then, blast you."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Destruction of Forests.

The most notable and serious modifications effected by man's agency, are those caused by the destruction of forests. The cutting away of wood not only changes the appearance of the landscape, and the character of the spot laid under the axe; when practised to a large extent, its effects extend to great distances—perhaps over the whole continent, and almost revolutionize climates, soils and surfaces. The forest reverts to evaporation, and offers an efficient barrier to the wind. Its porous soil, and still more porous accumulation of vegetable debris, absorb and retain the moisture, and by the tangled masses of stick and roots restrain the fury of torrential downpours. From these circumstances, it is free from the extremes of summer and winter temperatures; it is not so a continuous condensation of moisture in the atmosphere, and promotes frequent and copious showers. When the forests are taken away, these conservative elements go with them. The arid and character of the country are destroyed; they become more uncouth, the winds blow more freely, the lightning strikes more often, and the soil is more exposed to the sun. The fact is, in America,

even before the commencement of the present century, said in 1779, "When the forest is gone, the reservoir of moisture stored up in its branches and in its soil is evaporated, and returns only in deluges of rain to wash away the precious dust into which that moisture has been converted. The soil is washed and the hills are covered with a deluge of rain, which, descending to the sea, and depositing its burden of sand and silt, and a moderate and regular distribution of carbon—the whole earth, unless relieved by human art from the physical degradation to which it tends, becomes an assemblage of bald mountains, of barren, fertile hills, and of desolate and unproductive plains. There are parts of Asia Minor, of Northern Africa, of Greece, and even of Alpine Europe, where the spirit of climate set in action by man has brought the face of the earth to a degradation almost as complete as that of the moon; and though, within that brief space of time which we call 'the historical period,' they are known to have been covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertile meadows, they are now, say far debilitated to be cultivated by man; nor can they become again fitted for human use, except through great geological changes, or other extraordinary influences or agencies, of which we have no present knowledge, and over which we have no prospective control."

He foresees that a degradation, like that which has overwhelmed many more beautiful and fertile regions of Europe, awaits an important part of the territory of the United States, and of other comparatively new countries over which European civilization is now extending its way, unless prompt measures are taken to check the action of the destructive causes already in operation.—Man and Nature, by O. P. Marsh.

INFLUENCE OF STRAWBERRY PLANTS ON TREES.

There are but few, if any, cultivated plants so pernicious to fruit trees and berry bushes as the strawberry when planted around and near to them. They not only feed largely upon the mineral, vegetable, and electrical ingredients of the earth, but also partake of the life-producing qualities which surround them in the atmosphere. While the strawberry looks thrifty and vigorous, the other fruits it has compassed appear wan and sickly, notwithstanding the soil they stand upon may be rich and fertile. You must not expect large rich fruits to grow within its surroundings, for the natural reason that the strawberry plant holds a stronger affinity in attracting the gases and electrical currents from the vitrifying atmosphere, and the more crude and unimproved absorbents from the earth.—S. W. Jepett, in the Albany (N. Y.) Country Gentleman.

HOME-MADE POUDEUR.—Mr. John Marston, Bucks county, Pa., who has been familiar with the manufacture of poudeur on a large scale for many years, prepares it for his own use in the following manner: His vault is built of stone, 8 by 4 feet square and four feet deep, the bottom laid in stone and the whole cemented over. The privy is 4 by 4 feet; leaving 4 feet of the vault outside of the house. This portion is covered by two slanting doors placed so as to shed rain. Within these doors is placed a heap of fine coal ashes and a shovel. The coal ashes can be thrown over the droppings every few days with but very little trouble. Mr. M. finds the coal ashes to set as an excellent absorbent, and he prefers them for this purpose to any kind of earth.

THE BRAHMA FOWLS.—A farmer in Massachusetts who has had experience in keeping poultry of different breeds, and upon a somewhat extensive scale, has decided in favor of the Brahma. He says "they surpass in laying qualities, and for the market, any breed of fowls he has ever kept." This opinion also corresponds with that of many parties in this city and elsewhere who have given them a fair trial.—Maine Farmer.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—A writer in the Rural New Yorker, says that he has found by accident, that dough raised with milk rising is a sure and safe remedy for gapes in chickens, fed while forming, but will still sweet. He has tried it for six years, but says that where he seasons the feed of his chickens with salt, as for cooking, they never have the gapes.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

GREEN CORN PUFFING.—Take 1 doz. ears of sweet corn, 1 pint cream, three eggs, 4 tablespoonful flour, 1 tablespoonful sugar, a little butter, and salt to the taste. Grate the corn and beat the eggs and all well together—adding the whites of the eggs (very well beaten) the last thing before putting into the bakepan, which must be well greased. Bake one hour, in a good oven.

LEMON SHERBERT.—The fragrant essence of the rind of 3 or 4 lemons, obtained by the following process: After cleaning off every speck on the outer rind of the fruit, break of a large piece of loaf sugar, and rub the lemon on it till the yellow rind is completely absorbed; loaf sugar 4 ounces; juice of 3 or 4 lemons; water, 1 quart.

APPLE JELLY.—Peel, quarter, and completely remove the core of the apples, and put in a pot without water, closely covered, and put into an oven or over the fire. When pretty well stewed the juice is to be squeezed out through a cloth, to which a little of the white of an egg is added, and then the sugar; skim it previous to boiling, and then reduce it to a proper consistency, and an excellent jelly will be the result.—Maine Farmer.

DUTCH CHERRY.—Heat sour milk until a whey rises; then pour in a bag, and hang up to drain two or three hours; take it out, wash and salt it to taste; add cream just sufficient to form in balls the size of an egg.

SMALL POX.—The *Sarracenia Purpurea*, spoken of as a remedy for the small pox, is the common pitcher plant, or hunterman's cup, found from New England to Wisconsin, and southward into the Alleghenies. If the statement concerning its curative powers is correct, the discovery is of great importance. We see it stated that of sixty cases of small pox at the Massachusetts State Almshouse, treated with this remedy, all recovered but one, and in that case the patient was very far gone with the disease when brought under treatment.—Portland Transcript.

WATER FRUIT.—To 8 tablespoonful of water add the juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 lb. of sugar, 4 lb. of butter, the yolk of 4 eggs, and the whites beaten to a froth. Bake in 1 hour in a slow oven.

THE RIDDLE.

CONTEMPORARY RIDDLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1, 15, 19, 23, 27, is a river in South America.
My 2, 16, 20, 24, is a river in Asia.
My 3, 17, 21, 25, is a river in Africa.
My 4, 18, 22, 26, is a river in North America.
My 5, 19, 23, 27, is a river in Europe.
My 6, 20, 24, 28, is a river in Asia.
My 7, 21, 25, 29, is a river in Africa.
My 8, 22, 26, 30, is a river in North America.
My 9, 23, 27, 31, is a river in Europe.
My 10, 24, 28, 32, is a river in Asia.
My whole is an old saying. N. W. G.

Canada.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first means mild, serene, immune,
With unobscured radiant smile.
My second means a fresh rain,
The yield of luxury's child.
My third dispenses cheerful light
Through many a spacious dome,
Gives brightness to the gleam of night,
And cheerfulness to home.
My fourth, the light for travel bound,
Still seeks with hasty stride,
Breathlessly reaching over the ground,
Lost he should miss his ride.
My whole at once must now appear
To every one distinct and clear.
Wilmington.

Double Rubus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in Russia.
A range of mountains in Asia.
A prison.
A river in India.
A river in Spain.
A city in China.
A town in Mexico.
A town in France.
A river in Germany.
A body of water.
A county in Pennsylvania.
A town in Pennsylvania.
A town in Germany.
A river in Africa.
My state form the name of a battle of the present war, and my initials the name of the Union officer commanding. S. B. Wenz.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the best weekly paper now published in America.
My second is usually dreaded, the nearer we approach it.
My whole is a price established by law.
JOSEPH R. BOES, JR.
Cincinnati, O.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a vessel in the form of a conical frustrum, whose top diameter, bottom diameter and depth are respectively 20, 9 and 16 inches, which is full of water. It is required to find at what distance above the ground the vessel must be placed so that if a circular hole two inches in diameter be made through the centre of the bottom the water first leaving the vessel will reach the ground at the same instant the vessel gets empty.

REUBEN BARTO.

Fine Grove, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A pendulum rod, 36 inches long, is suspended 4 inches below its upper end, with a weight of 50 pounds connected to that end. What weight must be fixed to the lower end so that in vibrating it may have with the most ease the greatest momentum possible?

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

What town in Massachusetts signifies "proceed with reproach?" Ans.—Taunton.
When is the neuralgia in the face like the ancient money changers? Ans.—When it is seated in the temple.

When is a policeman like a Samaritan? Ans.—When he comes out of *Sons of Eve*.
What musical instrument do you carry in your head? Ans.—Organs.
How can you make a tall man short? Ans.—Ask him to lend you some money.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—Capture of the rebel steamer Magnolia by the Brooklyn, in the Gulf of Mexico, February nineteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-two. ENIGMA.—The massacre at Fort Pillow. CHARADE.—Richmond. RIDDLE.—Deacon and Peterson.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. MARTIN, published July 24.—J. J. Walter Siverly.

Answer to GILL BATES'S PROBLEM same date.—007.81 cubic in. Walter Siverly. 795,93883 cubic in. Morgan Stevens.

AN ANSWER FOR.—Walter was engaged in a discussion as to the probabilities of a future existence for mankind. "The doubts and anxieties on the subject are agonizing," said he. "Would that I were of henkind, and then I should have all my doubts resolved in this life." "Why a hen?" asked Paraphrase. "Because they," said Walter with a solemn air, "they have their necks wrung in this life."

Mr. French was asked whether it was possible to cure a blind alley; when that mighty genius readily replied: "Certainly, I should first begin by impugning its title; of course."